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the Lone Ranger



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the Lone Ranger

ADVENTURE AT ROCKPOINT



THE CASH IS ALL
LOCKED IN THE
SAFE, MR. DOWLING!

FINE, DENTON! EXCEPT FOR
ME, I RECKON THE CASHIER'S
THE LAST PERSON TO
LEAVE MY BANK!

I LIKE BANK WORK, MR. DOWLING! WE QUIT
EARLY! GIVES ME SOME DAYLIGHT HOURS TO
WORK WITH MY RANCH HANDS AT MY
SPREAD! ---GIDDYUP!



SOON... MEN, JUST LEARNED THE
ROCKPOINT MINING COMPANY
IS EXPECTING ITS PAYROLL TO COME TO
MY BANK ON TOMORROW'S STAGE
FROM STOCKTON! THAT'LL REACH
OVER TEN THOUSAND FOR US!

YOU'RE RIDIN'
ON GRASSIN'
THE PAYROLL,
BOSS?



YES! THE STAGE WILL GO
THROUGH PINE VALLEY AT
NOON! STOP IT THERE! BRING
THE STRONGBOX HERE AND
PLAY "RANCH HANDS" TILL
THE EXCITEMENT BLOWS
OVER! WHEN I FINISH AT
THE BANK TOMORROW
AFTERNOON, I'LL RIDE
BACK AND DIVIDE
THE CASH!



BOSS! ON MY WAY HERE I
PASSED THAT STREAM BY THE
COTTONWOODS AN' SAW TWO
HORSE'S CURPIN'! THEY
DIDN'T SEE ME BUT ONE WEARS
A MASK! AN' HAS A WHITE
STALLION! THE OTHER'S
AN INDIAN!



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BOSS, THOSE TWO
SOUND LIKE---

---I KNOW WHO THEY SOUND
LIKE! BUT I DON'T CARE IF
THE MASKED MAN'S THE
LOVE RANGER! WE'LL GO
THROUGH WITH THE
HOLDUP!



THEY MAY HAVE HEARD
OF THE GANG THAT'S
BEEN STOPPIN' STAGES
AROUND HERE! AN' BE
ON OUR TRAIL---

---THEY MIGHT BE! BUT
RUSS KNOWS WHERE
THEY'RE CAMPED! WE'LL
MAKE SURE THE MASKED
MAN AND INDIAN AREN'T
AROUND AFTER TONIGHT!



LATER

NEIGH!



ELDER'S STORING—I'LL NOT
SET UP, BUT PRETEND I'M
STILL ASLEEP!



TORTO—WAKE UP BUT STAY
DOWN! SLIP OUT OF YOUR
BLANKETS AND CRAWL
FOR THE TREES!



THEY'RE IN THEIR BLANKET
ROLLS! ---SHOOT!







COVER YOUR TAIL IN THE STREAM!
TELL BENTON WHAT HAPPENED! I'M
RIDIN' TO TOWN TO GET A
GAMBONE TO FIX MY EAR!



LATER...
WHAT HAPPENED,
RUS? SOMEBODY
KING YOU?

YEAH--THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF!
JUST A NICK! GLAD I FOUND
YOU! MAYBE YOU CAN GET
THOSE BUSHWHACKERS!



I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THEM BEFORE
I LIT OUT! ONE WAS **MASKED**!
THE OTHER WAS A **REDSKIN**!
I FIGURE THEY BELONG TO
THAT OUTLAW GANG THAT'S
BEEN RAIDING THE STAGES!

THIS MAY BE
THE BREAK
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING
FOR! WHERE'D
YOU SEE THEM?



A MILE UP ALONG THE
MAIN TRAIL, WHERE THE
STREAM CUTS THROUGH
THE COTTONWOODS!

THE MOON'S BRIGHT
TONIGHT! I'LL FORM
A POSSE AND TRY TO
FIND 'EM!



SOON--
ONE SET OF TRACKS
LEAVES THE STREAM
AND HEADS FOR TOWN!
WE'LL FOLLOW THIS
RIDER!



WELL, SHERIFF! ONE'S A **MASKED**! THE OTHER'S AN
INDIAN!--GET OUT YOUR
GUNS!





THROW YOUR GUNS INTO THE BRUSH! **BE QUICK ABOUT IT!**

BETTER DO IT OR HE'LL **PLUG THE SHERIFF!**



LET'S GO, TONTO!
COME ON, SHERIFF!

GET 'EM
ON SIGHT!



MAKE A FOOL OF ME,
I'LL GET 'EM! FIND YOUR
GUNS AND WE'LL
TRACK THEM DOWN!

AND WHEN WE DO, I
SAY, **SHOOT 'EM ON
SIGHT!**

**LATER, AFTER COVERING THEIR TAIL, THE LONG
RANGERS AND TONTO DOUBLE BACK TO FOOTPRINT...**



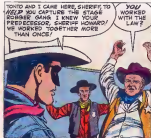
ONE OF THE ANDRUSHERS MUST
HAVE BEEN WOUNDED IN THE EAR,
TONTO! IF HE'S THE ONE WHO RODE
INTO TOWN AND SENT THE SHERIFF
AFTER US HE MUST STILL
BE HERE!



**KENO SAYS, 'HE MUST HAVE
BANDAGE ON EAR!'**

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!





TOMATO AND I CAME HERE, SHERIFF, TO HELP YOU CAPTURE THE STAGE ROBBER GANG. I KNEW YOUR PREDECESSOR, SHERIFF HOWARD, WE WORKED TOGETHER MORE THAN ONCE!

YOU WORKED WITH THE LAW?



Y-YOUR BULLETS...THEY'RE SOBERP AND YOU CALLED YOUR HORSE SILVER! AIN'T, IF YOU'RE TALKING STRAIGHT YOU MUST BE--

---I'LL HOLSTER MY GUN AS PROOF OF MY IDENTITY. I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE LAW!



QUICKLY, THE LONE RANGER TELLS THEM WHAT HE OVERHEARD--

BENTON--THAT EASTBOND BANK CASHIER IS THE LEADER OF THE GANG!

I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER SHERIFF! SURE COMES AS A SHOCK!



WE KNOW HE IS THE LEADER FOR CERTAIN, SHERIFF! BUT BENTON WILL NOT BE AT PINE VALLEY WHEN THE STAGE IS ROBBED TOMORROW! THERE IS A WAY TO GET EVIDENCE AGAINST THE GANG AND BENTON THOUGH! LET THE GANG ROB THE STAGE AND SEND THIS TELEGRAM TO STOCKTON--



NEXT MORNING--

GOOD THING YOU GOT AT THAT DEPUTY'S JOB, BENTON, SO I COULD SPY FOR YOU! THE MASKED MAN KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE STAGE ROBBERY! THE POSSE'LL LET THE GANG GRAB THE STRONGBOX AND TAKE IT TO THE RANCH!



THEN WHEN YOU RETURN TO DIVIDE THE LOOT, THEY'LL GET YOU ALL WITH THE STOLEN STRONGBOX! THERE'LL ONLY BE PAPERS IN IT! THE SHERIFF TELEGRAPHED STOCKTON SO THE MASKED MAN COULD CARRY THE PAYROLL A MILE BEHIND THE STAGE!

PERFECT! I'LL JOIN THE POSSE, LET THE STAGE PASS BY AND THEN JUMP THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN!



WE'RE RIDING BACK TO MEET
THE FLEETING RUN AND INDIAN!
DEPUTY'S RIDE FRONT BEHIND
HIS---LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE--

KEVIN SABAK
BY SOLDIERS--

---THEY LET THE
STAGE GO BY
UNMOLESTED!
THEY MUST BE
WAITING FOR US!



WE'LL CREEP UP AND TAKE
THEM BY SURPRISE
BEFORE---

CAW!
CAW!



SOMEONE'S SNEAKING UP
BEHIND US!---USE
YOUR GUNS!



BANG!
BLAM!

TAKE COVER AND
START FIRING!

UGH! BUT THEY'RE ~~JUST~~
OUTLANS! WE ONLY TWO!





YEEOW!

BANG! BLAM!



ARIZONA, YOU CAN'T MOVE,
BUT YOU CAN COVER US!
KEEP 'EM DOWN WHILE TWO
OF US CIRCLE TO THE LEFT,
TWO TO THE RIGHT AND
WE'LL GET BEHIND
THEM!



AS THE WOUNDED OUTLAW'S FIRE KEEPS
THE LOVE DANGER AND TONTO DOWN---

THE OTHERS SHOULD BE
IN POSITION! POUR
IT ON THEM!



DOWN, TONTO!
---THEY'VE GOT US
SURROUNDED!

PING!

ZING!



THERE THEY ARE, MEN!
DON'T LET THOSE
OWLDROOTS MOUNT!

I'M CERTAIN THE SHERIFF SUSPECTS
ME! I'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE---
FEND HIM AND SAY ONE OF
THE GANG DROPPED HIM!

BLAM!

BOOM!

AS THE OUTLAWS ARE CAUGHT IN THE CROSS FIRE,
SUDDENLY—

THE DEPUTY IS
AMMUNED AT THE
SHERIFF!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



REACH! ALL
OF YOU!

D-DON'T
PIKE!



WE'VE GOT 'EM ALL
INCLUDING BENTON,
AND THE MAN WHO
TIPPED THEM OFF—
MY DEPUTY!

SHERIFF, I'M NOT WITH
THESE OUTLAWS! WHEN
I LEARNED MY RANCH
HANDS WERE OPERATING
AS A GANG, I FOLLOWED
THEM HERE TODAY TO SEE
IF I COULD STOP THEM!



YOU LYIN' BUZZARD! JUST LOOK
AT THAT BOKK'S SAFE, SHERIFF,
AN' YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO GOT
THE BIGGEST SHARE OF THE
RECENT ROBBERIES!

THAT SHOULD BE
ALL THE EVIDENCE
YOU'LL NEED, SHERIFF!
TOMMY AND I WILL
DELIVER THE RAYBOLL
TO ROCKPOINT!
ADIOS!



YOU WERE CLEVER, BENTON, BUT
YOU COULDN'T PULL THE WOOL
OVER THE EYES OF ONE MAN—
THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO
SILVER!
AWAY!



the Lone Ranger

MOOSE MILLER'S FALL

AT THE TERRIBLE PRISON--

MILLER!
MILLER!--WHERE
IN HELL IS
THAT KILLER? HE
COULDN'T HAVE
BROKEN OUT! THE
DOORS LOCKED!

HERE I AM!

OWW!

UH-HH

H-HE SILENCED FOR KEEPS!
NOW TO TAKE HIS GUN AND
GET A HORSE!

STEALTHY MOOSE MILLER ALIMES HIS WAY ALONG
THE CORRIDOR AND OPENING THE COURTYARD DOOR
WITH THE DEAD GUARD'S KEY--

FREE!
I'M OUT OF THAT
BLASTED JAIL!

GIDDAP!

THREE NIGHTS LATER, IN THE LIVING ROOM BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S STORE IN GREENVILLE---

AND THEN THE LONE RANGER AND I CHARGED THE STAGE ROBBERS WITH OUR FISTS & SWINGS WE DROPPED THEM RIGHT AND LEFT!



WELL, DAD, HE REALLY BELIEVES YOU KNOW THE LONE RANGER!

JIMMY ASKED ME IF I'D EVER SEEN THE LONE RANGER! DIDN'T WANT TO SAY "NO." THEN ONE FIB LED TO ANOTHER! NOW I'M THE LONE RANGER'S HELPER! I SWEAR MARY, I'LL NEVER FIB AGAIN IF I CAN JUST GET OUT OF THIS!



THAT COLD-BLOODED KILLER SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANGED FOR SHOOTING MY JIM IN THE BACK! I WISH I'D BEEN THE JUDGE WHO SENTENCED MILLER---

THE JUDGE SAID HE COULDN'T HAND MILLER, THERE WAS ONLY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! BUT HE'S IN JAIL FOR LIFE!



NOT ALONE, JIMMY! TONTO TOOK MY PLACE AS THE LONE RANGER'S HELPER!



"NIGHT, MOM AND GRAMP--- SORRY, YOU GUYS MUST HAVE BEEN AN IMPORTANT MAN IF THE LONE RANGER PICKED YOU AS HIS PARTNER!"

I'M CERTAIN JIM WILL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO QUESTION THE LONE RANGER! HE HASN'T BEEN IN THESE PARTS FOR TWO YEARS! NOT SINCE--SINCE--



---HE CAPTURED AND JAILED MOOSE MILLER!

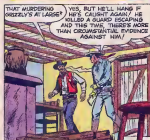
LATER, IN THE HILLS NEAR GREENVILLE---

STAY WITH THE HORSES, TONTO, WHILE I TALK TO THE SHERIFF!



KEMO SAG-UY, DOOR OPENING! IF HIM SEE YOU MASKED, HEBS HIM SHOOT FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER!







A MINUTE LATER--

BY THE TIME YOU WOULDFREE OR SOMEONE COMES IN HERE, I'LL BE **SURE!**



LATER--

THERE!--I'M FREE!



JIMMY!

SUFFERING SAGEBROUGHT! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, JIMMY?



QUICKLY JIMMY TELLS HOW THE SHERIFF CAME FOR HIS GRANDFATHER AND HOW HE RECOMMENDED MOOSE MILLER--

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DAD?

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TAKE CARE OF, PAPA!

THAT NIGHT--

I'M WORRIED SHERIFF HY RAB LEFT BEFORE SUNDOWN! I THOUGHT HE JOINED YOUR POGGE IN THE SEARCH FOR MOOSE MILLER!



WE DIDN'T SEE HIM--OR MOOSE MILLER!



SHERIFF PUDDY AND TH--THE--THE--

---JIMMY! GET BACK INTO BED!

I-I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING IMPORTANT! I'VE GOT TO TELL IT TO THEM NOW!— WHEN I LOADED MOOSE MILLER'S SADDLEBAG, I SAW BLUE CLAY ON HIS HORSE'S HOOF AND FEETLOCKS!

BLUE CLAY?



YES, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE AROUND HERE WHERE YOU CAN FIND BLUE CLAY! GRAMP AND I ALWAYS GOT IT ON OUR BOOTS WHEN WE WENT FIGHTING AND COOKED OUR CATCH IN PIRATE'S CAVE!

HOW DO WE GET THERE, JIMMY?



I-I COULDN'T EXACTLY TELL YOU HOW, BUT I COULD SHOW YOU THE WAY!

AND, JIMMY! YOUR GRANDFATHER KNOWS HOW TO REACH THE CAVE, TOO! WE'LL WAIT TILL HE RETURNS!



BUT BY MORNING, JEREMIAH STEPHENS STILL HADN'T RETURNED AND JIMMY LEADS THE WAY—

KEEP BACK, JIMMY! YOUR MOTHER MADE US RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU!

SEE THE SPRING COMING FROM THAT CAVE? THAT'S PIRATE'S CAVE!



IT'S A GOOD HIDING PLACE! THERE'S WATER AND YOU CAN COOK INSIDE—

SOMEONE'S SHOOTING DOWN!











Hap Harper lay quietly on his bunk in the corner of the tiny cabin. As he watched the two hulking figures lounging at their ease at the table near the stove Hap's wrists strained at the rawhide ropes that held them. Strained and then relaxed. No use fighting that rawhide. It was there to stay. Though all five foot-two of his slender frame boiled with rage Hap's face showed nothing but calm resignation. In the center of the room, his two captors got up and moved toward the pile of furs bundled up in the cabin corner.

In spite of their huge, hulking size the two Kirk brothers moved on quick, cat-like feet. Men learn to walk that way when they live on the far side of the law the way Shad and Gil Kirk lived . . . by peddling illegal whisky on the reservations, running guns to renegade Indians in the hills and robbing trapezines in their spare time. Lying on his bunk, Hap smiled ironically—the Kirks were merely expanding their operations a bit. It was open robbery now, and perhaps something worse before this was over.

"Took me most of the winter to get those pelts," said Hap, dryly.

"We sure appreciate all your hard work, Sharty. We figured we'd give you a hand by taking these skins to the trading post for you." It was Shad who had answered him. The thief's thick lips twisted in a grin.

Hap watched them drag the bundles of furs out through the door. When Shad returned for a new load, Hap spoke again. "Don't like for people to call me Sharty."

Shad looked across at him with an indol-

gent smile. "Sure, Sharty," he said, "wouldn't want to offend a big man like you." He lifted another bundle to his shoulders and headed for the door. "Sure is a mean job-carrying all these pelts out to the horses."

"Things would be a lot meaner if I had these ropes off, Shad," commented Hap. "You wouldn't have gotten away with this if you hadn't slipped in when I was asleep." Shad put down the furs and grinned. "We were doing you a favor, Sharty. Reckon it would take a full size man to handle even one of us."

Hap's lips tightened. "You called me Sharty again, Shad. I told you I didn't like it." Gil Kirk walked across the room and scrounged through the mess on the table. He found what he wanted and shaved another slab of hard-tack into his mouth. He leered across at Hap.

"He crows mighty loud for a small-sized rooster, don't you think, Shad? Seems to me there's not enough of him there to scare a healthy jackrabbit." Shad grinned back and scratched the week-old growth on his face.

"Wouldn't talk like that if I were you, Gil. Sharty, here, is the sensitive type. He can be mighty dangerous when he's riled."

Behind him Hap's wrists strained madly at their bonds but his face didn't show the effort. Sharty. When he first came into this country they called him that. In this land of tall mountains and hulking men it was almost natural that Hap would have to bear that nickname. But, scrappy bastards that he was, his slashing fists and bulldog courage

had convinced the trappers and mountain men of the Teton range that it was little short of suicide to call him anything but Hap Harper. Now, in his bunk, Hap swallowed hard but the fruit still wouldn't go down.

"You're leaving me here alone like this?" he asked.

"You won't be alone long," grinned Shad. "It won't take more'n a day for the wolves to find you."

Hap's eyes bloomed in angry desperation. "You'll see me again, boys," he grinned.

Gil swaggered lumberingly to the bunk, his eyes pin-points of contempt. "For a little guy you talk too much. It's beginning to bother me. I'm shutting you up, Shorty."

He swung his ham-like fist and oblivion closed down on Hap.

When Hap came to, the Kirks were long since gone, but the rage inside the little trapper was just bursting into flame. With an effort he hunched his body and rolled to the floor. Slowly, he began wriggling toward the hot stove on the other side of the room. A grim smile played on his face. It would take him awhile to make it to the stove. It would be even harder to fight his way into a position where he could burn off his ropes. But Hap could do it. There was enough anger in him for that. For that and more.

Hap started after the Kirks with nothing but the rawhide strips they had tied him with. The thieves had taken his furs, his traps, his food and horses. They had left him only the anger that seethed inside of him. Yet it was that same anger that spurred him down the broad trail they had left in the hard-crusts snow. It whipped him along as he climbed up and over the gale-swept ridges and plowed through the valleys drifted deep with snow, resting only for food and shelter in the isolated cabins along the way.

But, at last, Hap stood on the rise above MacFarland's trading post. When he saw the horses tethered outside, he smiled with grim anticipation. Gil and Shad were down there.

It was Shad Kirk who first saw Hap come



through the door of the trading post. He was a hulking mountain of a man but he didn't have a chance against the ball of concentrated fury that was Hap Harper.

It was then that Gil Kirk, stunned, aroused himself from his disbelief long enough to grab for his gun. But guns held no fear for Hap now. The little trapper reached for a row of axe handles stacked against the log wall. With his first swing, the gun went flying out of Gil's hand. With the second, he drove Gil into a corner of the log-walled room. Furious, he struck at the big man again and again.

After it was over, MacFarland, the owner of the post, looked at the splintered handle and stared at Hap in amazement. "They told me you were dead, Hap—that you were killed by a bear. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bought those furs. . . . Here, sit down, man, and have a drink. Tell us what happened."

As Hap recounted his story, MacFarland's eyes grew ever wider. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it. Coming all that way on foot . . . and then, still finding the strength to settle with two men like the Kirks." MacFarland rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Still, I can't say I blame you. Your pelts they brought in were worth close to five thousand in trade."

Hap looked at him. "The pelts? Oh, it wasn't the skins they took that got me so mad, Mac. . . . It was more'n that. On top of stealing my furs, those two polecats insisted on calling me Shorty!"

YOUNG HAWK





THE MANDAN BOYS, AND ALL BUT ONE OF THE SIOUX
HUNTERS, FEAST ON FRESH MEAT TO THEIR HEARTS'
CONTENT.



—BUT THE YOUNGEST SIOUX OF THE PARTY IS
RACING BACK TO CAMP TO TELL THE SQUADS OF
THE SUCCESSFUL HUNT, AND GUIDE THEM BACK
TO THE BUFFALOES.



THAT NIGHT THE MANDAN YOUTHS SLEEP AMONG
THEIR ONE-TIME ENEMIES, AROUND THE DYING
FIRE...



AS THE FIRST GRAY LIGHT OF DAWN TOUCHES THE
BUFFALO CARCASSES, A LONG LINE OF SIOUX
SQUADS ARRIVED TO CUT UP THE MEAT, AND
SCRAPE THE HIDES.

ALL THE NEXT DAY—

THIS IS A GOOD WORK, YOUNG HAWK! SCRAPING HIDES IS NOT FIT FOR A MANDAN WARRIOR!

IT WON'T HURT US— SEEING THAT WE HAVEN'T ANY SQUARES TO WORK FOR US, LITTLE BUCK!



THIS BEARSKIN WILL HELP US REACH HOME, LITTLE BUCK, SOONER— AND WITH LESS WORK! THAT SHOULD MAKE YOU HAPPY!



COME ON—HELP ME HANG IT FROM A LIMB OF THIS TREE! WE'LL BUILD A FIRE UNDER-NEATH, AND DRY IT TONIGHT!



IN THE MORNING, VERY EARLY— A HOT BEINGS NEWS.

THE WATER IS GOING AWAY! THE WATER IS GOING AWAY FROM OUR CAMP!



THAT RIGHT—WHILE LITTLE BUCK SLEEPS— YOUNG HAWK SMOKES THE PIPE AND RUBS IT CARE- FULLY IN HIS HANDS TO TAKE SOME OF THE STIFFNESS OUT.









WE'LL MAKE FOR THAT
LINE OF BLUFFS!
THAT'S WHERE THE
RIVER CHANNEL
RUNS!

AS THE FLOOD WATER QUICKLY RECESSES, THE BOYS
REALIZE THE DANGER OF BEING STRANDED.



HOURS LATER.

IT IS GROWING
DARK, YOUNG HAWK!
HASN'T WE BETTER
LAND AND CAMP
SOMEWHERE?

NO!



THE WIND IS WITH US! WE WANT
TO GO AS FAR AS WE CAN TOWARDS
HOME BEFORE IT CHANGES, AND
WE HAVE TO TAKE DOWN OUR SAIL!



NOT LONG AFTER SUNSET THE MOON
RISES TO LIGHT THEIR WAY — — —
THE RIVERBANKS GROW HIGHER.



YARK!
YARK!

YOUNG HAWK!
THERE'S SOMETHING
AHEAD OF US — — —
DANGER!



WE'D
BETTER
TURN BACK—

CAN'T! THE SAIL
WOULD TIP US OVER! AND
TUMBLEWEEDS HAD
WARNED THE ENEMY—
BECAUSE THIS IS
ENEMY COUNTRY!



THE INDIAN CANOEIST



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LONG BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME TO AMERICA, THE INDIAN WAS EXPERT AT PADDLING THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE AND THE DUGOUT CRAFT. HIS PADDLING STYLE LOOKS STIFF AND UNGRACEFUL TO THE WHITE CANOEIST - BUT HIS BIRCH-BARK SKIMS THROUGH WATER WITH THE SPEED OF A SOUNDLESS ARROW!

THE INDIAN'S PADDLE HAS A LONG SHAFT AND A LONG NARROW BLADE. HIS STROKE IS ILLUSTRATED IN FOUR STEPS BELOW. HE PADDLES ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE, FROM THE STERN. HE RESTS THE SHAFT OF HIS PADDLE AGAINST THE GUNWALE OF THE CANOE WITH THE RIGHT HAND, HOLDS HIS LEFT ARM FAIRLY STIFF AND THROWS THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY INTO DRIVING THE BLADE BACK THROUGH THE WATER.

AS THE BLADE TRAVELS BACKWARD, THE INDIAN TURNS THE BUTT IN HIS LEFT HAND COUNTERCLOCKWISE TO MAKE THE BLADE TURN OUT (SEE DRAWINGS). THIS KEEPS THE CANOE ON ITS COURSE, INSTEAD OF VEERING TO THE LEFT.

IF YOU WANT TO SHOW UP YOUR FELLOW CANOEISTS, PRACTICE THE INDIAN STROKE



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INDIAN FOODS



One of the most important foods of the Plains Indians of earlier days was pemmican, which was made from dried buffalo meat, pounded fine with dried berries, and preserved in melted fat. Plains tribes still make pemmican as in the past, but dried beef, or "jerky," is now substituted for buffalo meat, and raisins often replace dried wild berries. The pounded ingredients are encased in melted suet, and will keep indefinitely.

However, the Indian diet is not confined to wild game and fish, as we are likely to imagine. Indian meals may also include such foods as corn, squash, hominy, nut-meat gravy, corn mush, acorn mush, Indian potatoes, and a variety of others.

Indian potatoes are really plant roots, such as cattail roots, camas roots, groundnuts, or "wild potatoes," all of which are often dried and pounded into bread flours. A real wheat bread is baked by the Zuni Indians in outdoor, beehive-shaped adobe ovens. The Hopi Indian's piki bread is almost paper-thin and shaped like huge pancakes. It is baked by quickly spreading a handful of cornmeal batter over a flat griddle stone greased with suet (see right). Tea-like beverages are



made by boiling wintergreen leaves, sweet birch twigs, sassafras roots, young strawberry leaves, or any of several other plants.

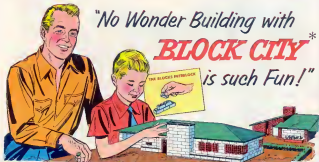
A rich and tasty gravy is made by boiling the pounded meats of wild nuts in water. As the nut oils float to the top they are skimmed off, briefly reboiled and salted. The nut meats left after the oils are extracted are seasoned and mixed with mashed root potatoes.

Indians are especially fond of corn roasted in the husks over a bed of hot coals. But parched corn has always been a favorite food among Indian hunters and warriors, because it can be ground to flour and quickly made into an uncooked gruel that is capable of providing strength on long journeys. It is also light to carry. Corn and pemmican are the two most important foods in the larders of the Plains Indians.



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